The
SCEPTRE

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Two hundred years ago today George Washington was born in the colony of Virginia. Today the entire United States of America stops its machinery long enough to pay homage to this man whom we call the father of our country. I wonder what he would think of his child if he could see it today. Not even he could visualize with what rapid strides the struggling little confederation of thirteen states would advance forward, expanding, strengthening, and extending its power until today it is the greatest force in the world, looked to by all other nations of the world for support —nations by whom he saw it snubbed, patronized, and disregarded.

If he were to be here to guide and advise his child I wonder what his advice would be—would he praise her present policies? Would he recognize in the strong political parties of today the political factions of yesterday?

But, most of all, I wonder what he would say regarding foreign policy—he, who in his farewell address advised this nation to stay out of European entanglements? What would he advise her to do in this problem of the Far East with which the United States is faced today? Would he say, "Stay out, and leave them to themselves;" or would he say, "Join in with the rest of the nations; boycott Japan until she stops interfering with China; join in with the League of Nations to help abandon war forever."

The United States is strong now and a different force from that of two hundred years ago. She must take her place with the other nations and with the same spirit that led her to declare herself free from oppression by others—help those others who are too weak to help themselves.

—*The Editor.*

by Virginia Sampson

TO MT. VERNON

Serene and peaceful, thoughtful, still
Rests the home on Vernon Hill—
Embodiment of liberty—
Symbol of Democracy.
Today you view with still contempt
The pleasure-seeker's vain attempt
To "take it in" with careless haste
Lest their precious time be waste.
Incurious ones who penetrate
'Mid scenes that were so intimate.
They pluck the ivy from your posts
For souvenirs? Or for vain boasts?
They trespass on your privacies
Redolent with memories.

Some 't is true, with reverency
Respect your calm solemnity
But can they truly realize
Exactly what you symbolize?

Yesterday, your doors flung wide,
You entertained an endless tide
Of noble men and ladies great—
Aristocracy of State.
Beneath your friendly roof they met
To dance the stately minuet
Or through the moonlit paths to stray
Through fragrant flower-scented ways.

Not all are scenes of gayety
That linger in your memory—
There are days of bleak despair

When our young manhood did fare
Forth to bloody combat where
On frozen fields it fought and fell,
Sacrificed that we might dwell
Free from bonds of tryanny
Favored Sons of Liberty.

WASHINGTON'S PRAYER FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Almighty God, we make our earnest prayer that Thou wilt keep the United States in Thy Holy protection; that Thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government, and so entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another and for their fellow citizens of the United States at large.

And finally, that Thou wilt most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justly, to love mercy and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility and pacific temper of mind which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion and without humble imitation of whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation.

Grant our supplication, we beseech Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Framed and hung in the entrance to Christ church, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The church was founded in 1695.

by Edith C. Storm

REMINISCING

The frantic search in scorching Washingtonian heat for the right street car.

The fast ride on the rails over marshes and sea-grass. The stretch of stagnant water. The hollow far-awayness of the trolley whistle like that of a steamer. The curves.

The long hot walk. People, dusty be-draggled, people with food.

The sun on the sandy paths. The upright boxwood, close-clipped, ancient, and green.

The green, green lawn swelling from the river. Did Nelly Custis ever have Easter Egg hunts?

The wide sweep of the lazy Potomac. The echo of a boat whistle from long ago. Visions of parties gaily tripping to the landing for a moonlight ride. Calm and majestic, the Potomac—always the same, yet ever changing.

The hospitable white pillars—upstanding and straight as the man who loved them. Wide doorway.

Rooms of the elegance of past days. Here where Washington stood hiding that his presence might not mar the young dancers' pleasure.

Polished wood that reflected the almost hidden toe of milady. Mirrors that reflected her powdered hair and the provocative black patch.

The dining room. The table that held so many good things. Eight meats at one dinner. How could the ladies in their full skirts *ever* sit down? The pretty china.

The graceful stairs down which came still more graceful figures.

The tiny bedrooms. All frills and valances. Were there girlish giggles and soulful confidences whispered there?

The walk way to the kitchen. Almost the aroma of steaming dishes, proudly carried.

The kitchen, mellow and old and bright with shining things. Old copper. Brass bed-warmers. Iron spits. Dutch oven. Is that shining smiling black face, encased in a red and yellow bandanna, only an illusion?

The brick walks, outlined with moss.

The ivy-covered grave. The affable negro with the kinky white wool.

That room where slave women wove cloth. Not all bad, this slavery. Spinning wheel.

The carriage room. Could George have ridden as sedately in a Lincoln as he did in his yellow coach? Cumbersome thing, yet dignified.

The formal garden. So spick and span. So circumspect. So lovely. So peaceful. The sweet old flowers. The venerable box.

The little old building where the children studied. So many things besides books to be taught. Did they learn them, too? Were they studious or did the bird or butterfly outside catch their fancy and lead their thoughts astray? Maybe so.

Quiet, sheltered life there. Did they miss anything? Is there anything in this bustle? A little of both would be ideal. But would it be more ideal than spending a week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Washington, say—one hundred and fifty years ago?

by Carolyn Akers

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by Rachel Boyer

PORTRAIT STUDY OF WASHINGTON

Let us study a portrait of Washington for a moment. Calm, majestic, poised, we can readily see why he has always been our ideal American. All the refinement and culture that characterize aristocracy, together with the sterling qualities of democracy are combined in that mobile countenance. Pride—not arrogant—but uplifting, soul-exalting pride is one of his most outstanding characteristics, while truth and honesty vie with his high moral standard for second place. While we can get no idea of the immense proportions of Washington from Stewart's "Athenaeum head," we can see that he was stern, unyielding, and upright. In fact, his features would be almost severe were it not for a certain softness about the eyes, probably caused by his deep reverence for God and his unfailing faith in Divine guidance and care.

To me it seems as though the men who have painted all these noble qualities into Washington's face have failed to give him the spark of life. If I were able to paint him, I would put a sparkle in his eyes, and make the expression about his mouth gentler. For Washington, after all, was a very human being. We are told that, in his youth, he was attracted to every young and pretty girl. Even at the time his more mature pictures were made, he was very fond of sports, dancing, and card games, especially when there were young folks present. To his wife, who was not as well educated as he, he gave the most chivalrous, tender care and devotion, taking care of her financial accounts, and even writing her letters. Education

was to Washington more than a mere hobby—it was almost a passion. His every thought was for the progress and advancement of his nation. Yet all this eagerness seems to be lacking from his portraits.

by Edith C. Storm

CHERRY TREES AND COLTS

The tendency in modern biography seems to be to destroy our illusions, to demolish our pet stories. And in their stead they put muck-raked trash. Is our hero less of a man because he swore when he was righteously indignant rather than saying "Tut, tut, this can't be!" Is he to be put beyond the pale because he partook of the sparkling wine that was a matter of custom?

For adults, of course, adult things. Not a milksop diet forever—they can stand the truth, no matter how it hurts. But there are children—the youth of the land. Should these legends of our national history be denied them?

Can we say "Be like this personage. Follow him. Be a man"? Few of us could be examples. We live too close to the present. We need the hallowed past, the past that has proved its worth, to give us examples to set before the children of today. If our cheery tree is cut down, where can we learn the lesson of Truthfulness? If our colt is killed, where can we learn Perseverance?

No, wise men of today, who are great only because you write of the great, leave us our stories that make legendary our history. Too soon do we learn that too valiant chopping leads to punishment, that too ardent taming kills the colt.

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by Edna Rowell

WASHINGTON'S LITERARY STYLE

Theodore Roosevelt has said, "Washington, though in some ways an even greater man than Lincoln, did not have Lincoln's wonderful gift of expression—that gift which makes certain speeches of the rail-splitter from Illinois read like the inspired utterances of the great Hebrew seers and prophets." But can we not give Washington his rightful place among the men of letters? He can not, of course, be rated as a man of letters in the same sense as Longfellow or Irving are. Yet he was a voluminous and convincing writer.

Jared Sparks has collected Washington's "literary remains" into twelve volumes. Another edition of Washington's writings is now in preparation. This will include all of his diaries, letters, and papers, and will be at least twenty-five, probably more, volumes.

Almost all that Washington wrote was deeply serious and all show a dignity, poise and honesty by which the serious reader can never fail to be attracted. There is a stately eighteenth century ring to his prose. The following first lines from the Farewell Address illustrate this:

> "The period for a new election of a citizen to administer the executive government of the United States, being not far distant, and time actually arrived when thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made."

The First Inaugural is worthy of minute study. It shows a "wise handling of a difficult subject," for it is the first speech of its kind and Washington had no model or precedent. The style in which it was written is direct and convincing.

The best known of Washington's works seems to be his Farewell Address. Before giving to the public this important state paper Washington desired all possible advice. He obtained it from Hamilton to whom he submitted the address for revision. Jay also had a hand in the revision. Yet after all the suggestions of these men, the tone of the Farewell Address is pre-eminately Washingtonian. Who but Washington could have written such a sentence as the following:

> "Towards the preservation of your government, and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite, not only that you speedily discountenance irregular oppositions to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles however specious the pretext."

On reading the whole of the Address we see that Washington's style was that of his time—rather round-about, given to large words and involved constructions, yet full of vigor and truthful to the last degree.

The prayer which the Farewell Address breathes "that your union and brotherly affection, may be perpetual; that the free constitution which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained, that the administration in every part may be stamped with wisdom and virtue" reveals that Washington was, as Lowell spoke of him,

> "The equestrian shape with unimpassioned brow
> That paces silent on through vistas of acclaim."

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by Dorothy Edmonson

LET WASHINGTON SPEAK FOR HIMSELF

Probably more has been written about Washington than any other American. He is discussed at length from all angles—the patriot, the general, the president, and the man himself. His most personal affairs are delved into. We search for flaws because we rather resent perfection of the man about whom we hear so much. But with all the information we get—a great deal of which comes from secondary source material—it seems only fair to let Washington speak for himself. We can get a better understanding of the man from his own words.

The dreams and faith he had in the baby nation which he and his compatriots had dedicated their lives to is revealed in his writings, one of the most significant being his circular letter to the governors of the states, dated June 8, 1783, in which he says:

"There are four things, which, I humbly conceive, are essential to the well-being, I may even venture to say, to the existence of the United States, as an independent power.

"First. An indissoluble union of the States under one federal head.

"Second. A sacred regard to public justice.

"Thirdly. The Adoption of a proper peace establishment; and

"Fourthly. The prevalence of that pacific and friendly disposition among the people of the United States, which will induce them to forget their local prejudices and policies; to make those mutual concessions, which are requisite to the general prosperity;

and, in some instances, to sacrifice their individual advantages to the interest of the community.

"These are the pillars on which the glorious fabric of our independency and national character must be supported. Liberty is the basis; and whoever would dare to sap the foundation, or overturn the structure, under whatever specious pretext he may attempt it, will merit the bitterest execration, and the severest punishment, which can be inflicted by his injured country."

About Washington's personal appearance we are always interested. We have any number of portraits of him, but his contemporaries and even his own family remarked that, though the pictures all looked very much alike, none of them resembled Washington a great deal. Many reasons have been brought forward—his vanity would not allow them to reveal his blemishes, his false teeth kept his face from having any expression—but here is what Washington himself said about having his portrait painted:

"In for penny, in for a pound, is an old adage. I am so hackneyed to the touches of the painter's pencil, that I am now altogether at their beck; and sit, 'like Patience on a monument,' whilst they are delineating the lines of my face. It is a proof, among many other, of what habit and custom can accomplish. At first I was as impatient at the request, and as restive under the operation, as a colt is of the saddle. The next time, I submitted very reluctantly but with less flouncing. Now, no dray-horse moves more readily to his thill than I to the painter's chair. It may easily be conceived, therefore, that I yielded a ready obedience to your request and to the views of Mr. Pine."

Washington did not go to a boarding school where he was given a rigid set of rules on manners. So he

made his own rules. The following were copied from a paper written by Washington in his early youth:

" Every Action done in Company, ought to be with Some Sign of Respect, to those present.

"Show Nothing to your Friend that might affright him.

"In the Presence of Others sing not to yourself with a humming Noise, nor Drum, with your Fingers or Feet.

"If you Cough, Sneeze, Sigh, or Yawn, do it not Loud, but Privately; and Speak not in your Yawning, but put Your handkerchief or Hand before your face and turn aside.

"Sleep not when others Speak, Sit not when others Stand, Speak not when you should hold your Peace, walk not on when others Stop.

"Put not off your Cloths in the presence of Others, nor go out your Chamber half Drest.

"When you Sit down, Keep your Feet firm and Even, without putting one on the other or Crossing them.

"Shift not your self in the Sight of others nor Gnaw your nails.

"Shake not the Head, Feet, or Legs, rowl not the Eyes, lift not one eyebrow higher than the other, wry not the mouth, and bedew no mans face with your Spittle.

"Turn not your Back to others especially in Speaking, Jog not the Table or Desk on which Another reads or writes, lean not upon any one.

"Keep your Nails clean and Short, also your Hands and Teeth Clean, yet without Shewing any great Concern for them.

"Do not Puff up the Cheeks, Loll not out the tongue,

rub the Hands or beard, thrust out the lips, or bite them or keep the Lips too open or too close.

"Be no Flatterer, neither Play with any that delights not to be Play'd withal.

"Superfluous Compliments and all Affection of Ceremony are to be avoided, yet where due they are not to be neglected.

"When you meet with one of Greater Quality than yourself, Stop, and retire especially if it be at a Door or any Straight place to give way for Him to Pass.

"Use no Reproachfull Language against any one neither Curse nor Revile.

"Wear not your Cloths, foul, unript or Dusty but See they be Brush'd once every day at least and take heed that you approach not to any Uncleaness.

"Play not the Peacock, looking everywhere about you, to See if you be well Deck't, if your Shoes fit well if your Stockings Sit neatly, and Cloths handsomely.

"Eat not in the Streets, nor in ye House, out of Season.

"Gaze not on the marks or blemishes of Others and ask not how they came. What you may Speak in Secret to your Friend deliver not before others.

"Think before you Speak pronounce not imperfectly nor bring out your Words too hastily but orderly and Distinctly.

"Being Set at meat Scratch not neither Spit, Cough or blow your Nose except there's a Necessity for it.

"Make no Shew of taking great Delight in your Victuals, Feed not with Greediness; cut your Bread with a Knife, lean not on the Table neither find fault with what you Eat.

"If you Soak bread in the Sauce let it be no more than what you put in your Mouth at a time and blow

not your broth at Table but Stay till Cools of it Self.

"Drink not nor talk with your mouth full neither Gaze about you while you are Drinking.

"Cleanse not your teeth with the Table Cloth Napkin Fork or Knife but if Others do it let it be done with a Pick Tooth."

by Carolyn Akers

PATRIOTISM

The moon was merely a sulphurous, murky cloud; it was another of those relentless, drizzly rains. The mud so gummy and thick it stuck to one's boots like giant leeches—ah, leeches: fat, bloated creatures, sucking one's life blood; stifling one. No, it was the dense, impenetrable, smoky, yellow fog that made lungs feel like giant flat-irons in a fellow's chest.

But it was the ceaseless roaring, roaring of the guns that caused the brain to reel and feet to stagger like a blind beggar's. The guns—Oh God! can't bear it! —white heat like a jagged streak of lightning pierced one of the flat-irons—heat felt good—and then down, down, down!

God had answered the prayer.

WHAT TO READ

As for magazines, sailors should take to The Atlantic, clock-makers to The Dial, tired people to Outing, and Bolshevists to The Red Book. Librarians should appreciate The Bookman, young wives Good Housekeeping, pugilists Punch, and workers in ebony Blackwood's. Prisoners naturally want Liberty, controversialists The Forum, patriotic folks The American, devourers of books The Literary Digest, and all of us Everybody's.—*The Boston Transcript.*

But every *Queen* needs a SCEPTRE!

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by Edna Rowell

WASHINGTON

By Joseph Dillaway Sawyer
Published by the Macmillan Company, New York
Price $10.00 a set

Mr. Sawyer has endeavored to emphasize in his two-volume edition the more intimate phase of Washington's character. Some one has said that it is "the most perfect story concerning the life of Washington." It is indeed one of the peaks among the books made about him. Profusely illustrated, the books are a storehouse of Washington material. Many of the pictures found here appear in print for the first time. Facsimiles of letters, records, plans, wills, and parts of Washington's diary are also included. The story is told in a simple, straightforward way and shows deep research into the historical facts concerning Washington's life. The following sketch appeared in the *Washington Post:*

"It is refreshing to read pages of Washington by Joseph Dillaway Sawyer, written with the respect due to the great man who still remains 'first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.' It has been truly said that Mr. Sawyer recreates for us the Washington loved and known of his countrymen for generations. The book is a treasure house of historical data, containing more than 1,500 illustrations, many of them rare and little known and includes 250 portraits of George Washington, many of them the work of renowned artists and more than 30 of them known to have been painted during his lifetime.

"To students of Washington, there is much charm in the elaborate treatment Mr. Sawyer has given to the discussion of the family tree, with its roots deep in British soil, reaching back more than 800 years."

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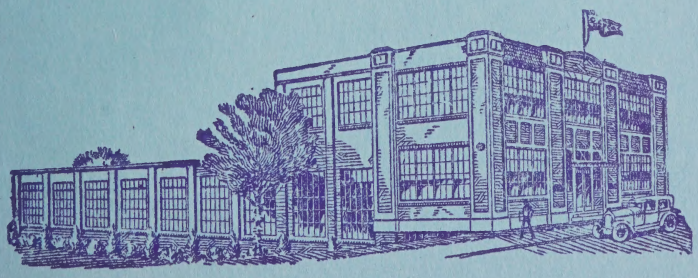

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